To Virginia's Sister And Joe's Nephew

So. The last thing I hit send and print on here is your not-so-humble Prophet once again talking shit and naming names, which my beloved DeviantArt has never, even for a second, had any problems with me doing.

[Fuck yeah!]

Recounting this to the two others who I currently share a living compartment with, and have on and off for over a year, I was availed of information I had not in my possession previous.

These names I don't know, hence the title.

According to legend, our titular individuals have been suspended from high school for three or four days and suffered the unfortunate indignity traditionally borne by self-actualized whole entities forced to coexist with a vast majority of human fractions of various vacuous densities.

Their punishment inducing great horrific crimes?

Reading or listening to the ideas I present, examining them, and, after weighing their value personally, making them topics of their own conversations.

In solidarity with them (not to be confused with Them):

Allegaeon - Subdivisions (RUSH COVER)

Stick It Out (2004 Remaster) - YouTube

The second link is the band covered in the first link, Rush, who started releasing albums four years before I was born. By their second collection of songs - still before I was born - the guy singing and playing bass and the sole guitarist hooked up with a new drummer. Geddy Lee (first and middle names) and Alex Lifeson (whose real last name is so impossibly long it would max out the character allotment on DA, which is quite a lot - Laura's Story part one fit without abridgement) are now in their seventies and could easily pass as being my age, 47. That new drummer they hooked up with, Neil Peart, turned out not only to be one of the most highly regarded percussionists of all time, but also a poet. From album two forward, these

three would follow the same songwriting process for every track. Neil would hand Geddy a much scribbled in spiral notebook, out of which he would pick and choose whatever was going to come out of his mouth. Neil is credited for writing the lyrics to every Rush song from Caress of Steel onward. For nearly four decades, maybe five. Geddy and Alex started the band when they in high school. Then, G & A would write all the music that whatever was going to come out of G's mouth was going to be accompanied by. All of it. Every single track that Neil is credited for writing the words of, G & A are officially credited writing the music for. Not to be shown up by the guy sitting behind them who actually invented new things to hit because he already owned all of the other things that make noise when struck, G & A always handed Neil his notebook back with complete recordings of the vox, guitar, and bass, probably with a note added to the last written on page that read 'Have fun with this! Pffft!'

Typical Rush compositions last longer than radio-friendly hits, even the ones of theirs that are radio-friendly hits. Of which there are a lot. No one would assume that the person playing the bass and sometimes synths - sometimes with his feet while playing the bass and singing - is, yeah, the one also not-mumbling. Alex's signature edition guitars are some of the most expensive and feature-laden production models, among the very first to incorporate MIDI pickups, which translate the pitch and vibrations of the strings to computer input messages. Time signatures and bar lengths are very often deviate from standard 4/4. At least two of their releases are concept albums - every song sequentially telling chapters of a science fiction story.

Neil Peart died at the age of 67 on January 7th, 2020.

I did not cry when either of my parents died.

At the first concert I ever attended at 16 at the Sunken Gardens Theater, I wound up helping the stage crew pack away the par can lights into their road cases and folding the material backdrop for travel to their next gig. Standing front center stage upon completion of these tasks, watching the grounds crew bag the litter left by a crowd of three to five thousand concertgoers, the man who had been singing and playing guitar walked up and, with a big smile on his face, placed a pile of weed in the palm of my hand along with a rolling paper. That man would die at the age of 74 in Jamaica. Bunny Wailer, the original singer of the band also bearing his name Bob Marley and Peter Tosh made famous.

Years earlier, when I was eight or nine, a person I would consider a friend until a few years ago played the first music I ever heard that had real meaning - political awareness, informed opinions, and real rock'n'roll credibility through my headphones on the school bus. GWAR and The Dead Kennedys. If you listened to these bands back then, it was absolutely guaranteed that your parents would be fucking pissed off like you could never have angered them before without their help.

I guarantee, if you listen to these bands now, your parents will be more fucking pissed off then you could have ever imagined angering them before without their (and, I guess, mine, heh) assistance.

D.H. Peligro, drummer for the Dead Kennedys, died October 28th, 2022, at the age of 64. I never got to see DK play live. The band previously mentioned in Kill To Be Next To...., The Darts, is on the label they founded in the early eighties, Alternative Tentacles.

Neil Peart lived long enough to experience his nineteen-year-old daughter die in a car crash and his wife ten months later from cancer. He himself died from glioblastoma, the most aggressive form of brain cancer. His brother and father would be dead less than two years after him from the same cause.

It is the people you choose to stand beside that at least have a chance of being mutually beneficial to your collective lives. It is always the ones who didn't have to work to be in that position that stab you in the back, steal your work for their own credit, sabotage out of jealousy.

My missing fiancé's next youngest sister tried to murder me with two separate poisons that wound up killing her three dogs instead. That was the final desperate plan her empty head crafted. She had already accepted payment years prior for selling my and her next younger sister's only child to the stakeholder taxpayer-bilking system of which Child Protective Services is a part. I can't prove how much she earned for her commission, but after living next door since the age of eight, her mannerisms and dullard's cliched overconfidence insured her lipstick crusted mouth spat the equivalent of the worst soap opera dialogue throughout this ordeal. All for what? Anything to make her oldest 'goody two shoes' sister as miserable as possible - jealousy of the smartest, prettiest one.

Family is possibly the only obscene English word.

No one has authority over you. No one. Remember this always.

Your voice is important and needed and necessary.

Those that seek to control you do so out of jealousy and ineptitude - knowing inherently that they gave up and sold what could have been their souls for thirty pieces of silver.

War is coming. Choose your side.

There is Us, the Good Peoples of the Earth

and Them, those who willingly made the choice to spend their limited time alive - the only thing of value - making so-called profit off of the suffering of others.

Listen with focused attention to the exact words those around you use. Their descriptions will reveal exactly how they have built their worldviews. Is that a place

you will decide to be?

With love and hope, Michael Mackenzie - The Prophet Obblonge

Subdivisions

- Rush

Sprawling on the fringes of the city
In geometric order
An insulated border
In-between the bright lights
And the far unlit unknown

Growing up it all seems so one-sided
Opinions all provided
The future pre-decided
Detached and subdivided

In the mass production zone

Nowhere is the dreamer

Or the misfit so alone

Subdivisions

In the high school halls

In the shopping malls

Conform or be cast out

Subdivisions

In the basement bars

In the backs of cars

Be cool or be cast out

Any escape might help to smooth

The unattractive truth

But the suburbs have no charms to soothe

The restless dreams of youth

Drawn like moths we drift into the city

The timeless old attraction

Cruising for the action

Lit up like a firefly

Just to feel the living night

Well, some will sell their dreams for small desires

Or lose the race to rats

Get caught in ticking traps

And start to dream of somewhere

To relax their restless flight

Somewhere out of a memory

Of lighted streets on quiet nights

Subdivisions

In the high school halls

In the shopping malls

Conform or be cast out

Subdivisions

In the basement bars

In the backs of cars

Be cool or be cast out

Any escape might help to smooth

The unattractive truth

But the suburbs have no charms to soothe

The restless dreams of youth

Stick It Out

-Rush

Trust to your instincts
If it's safely restrained
Lightning reactions
Must be carefully trained
Heat of the moment
Curse of the young
Spit out your anger
Don't swallow your tongue

Stick it out
Don't swallow the poison
Spit it out
Don't swallow your pride
Stick it out
Don't swallow your anger
Spit it out

Don't swallow the lies

Natural reflex

Pendulum swing

You might be too dizzy

To do the right thing

Trial under fire

Ultimate proof

Moment of crisis

Don't swallow the truth

Stick it out

Don't swallow the poison

Spit it out

Don't swallow your pride

Stick it out

Don't swallow your anger

Spit it out

Don't swallow the lies

Stick it out

Stick it out

Each time we bathe our reactions

In artificial light

Each time we alter the focus

To make the wrong moves seem right

You get so used to deception

You make yourself a nervous wreck

You get so used to surrender

Running back to cover your neck

Heat of the moment

Curse of the young

Spit out your anger

Don't swallow your tongue

Stick it out

Don't swallow the poison

Spit it out

Don't swallow your pride

Stick it out

Don't swallow your anger

Spit it out

Don't swallow the lies

Don't swallow the poison

Spit it out

Don't swallow your pride

Stick it out

Don't swallow your anger

Spit it out

Don't swallow the lies

Stick it out

Stick it out

Stick it out

Spit it out

Stick it out

Spit it out

From the Stars Death Came - YouTube

Let's Lynch the Landlord - YouTube

Pig Destroyer - Army of Cops - YouTube

Rage Against The Machine - Maggie's Farm (Audio)

They Sound Like Babies

A relationship is not an ownership.

Equality is not negotiable.

Compassion is a target of exploitation - either when practiced universally without discretion or when battered to non-existence.

Whether or not an overarching evil deity exists objectively, the effect of its worship is the same, as the same tools are employed.

Evil is inherently weaker - that is why it most often hides.

The best place to hide something is directly in front of your face.